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State Normal Magazine.

OPPORTUNITY.

I've read it in the papers and I've heard in song and story
That there's never but a single chance—one chance alone—for
glory;

If you should hap to oversleep or fail to hear the rapping
You'd just as well go hang yourself—he'll never more come tap-
ping.

Now let me whisper in your ear—I believe it's all a fake;
I cannot think that Destiny so quickly will forsake.
But every night and morning, with patient hand and true,
He's tapping at your casement and beckoning to you.

He's waiting 'round the corner, he's waiting on the street;
You'll find him 'round most anywhere if you're resolute and
fleet.

Don't spend your time in mourning if you think you've missed
his call;

Just hump yourself and hustle, and you'll find him, after all!

—*Margaret Buchanan Yeates in the Washington Star.*

CIVIC ART.

MAY HAMPTON, '06.

America, in her wild rush for money and power, has, in the past, too nearly forgotten the importance of beauty. She has made rapid progress in the accumulation of wealth, and in the building up of her schools, but has been content to leave her cities, as a whole, unadorned and unattractive. Recently, however, a growing appreciation of the beautiful has taken a strong hold upon our people and the work of improving and beautifying even the meanest things that belong to our complex city life, has been largely undertaken.

Almost everywhere, we see this transformation taking place. The cities which are perhaps foremost in this movement are: Washington, Cleveland, Chicago, Detroit, Minneapolis, Baltimore, New York, St. Louis, and Kansas City. The movement is being forwarded by city officials, who are appointing commissioners to improve and increase park systems. Chicago has eighty-four parks, consisting of three thousand one hundred and sixty-nine acres, and connected by forty-nine miles of boulevards. This large park system is now being increased so that it will encircle the city. Baltimore's park system, when completed, will be one of the largest and loveliest in America. Even Boston, which now has the largest, will have to give the first place to Baltimore.

The city officials, however, are not alone in this work; there are many private organizations, such as Municipal Reform Societies, Municipal Art Leagues, Boys' Clubs, and neighborhood societies, urging this movement onward. These small neighborhood societies are greatly improving the cities. They are planting on every barren place too small for building purposes, flowers, vines and shrubs, so that in summer the streets instead of being barren, will be bowers of blossoms.

There are still many examples of bad architecture, these usually being put up for speculation, but the majority of buildings, now being erected show a great advance in civic art.

They are throwing off their barn-like ugliness and are being planned with central courts, fountains, and gateways. There is also an attempt being made by the City Home Association to improve tenement conditions. Chicago has an organization which is drawing up plans for beautifying the city in many respects.

While these cities have done much, yet everywhere, there remains much to be done. The ideal city should be planned before it is begun. The first street and the first houses should be made with an eye single to the city that is to be. The building of an ideal city would then be a less arduous task, as every step taken would be along carefully defined lines, and, therefore, one of progress. There is not an architect who would not build with more zeal and taste, if he knew that his work was to fit into and carry out a great and prearranged plan for a future beautiful city. The ideal to be attained, the goal to be reached, would be an incentive for the best work from every citizen from the landscape gardener and sculptor, to the common laborer, all carrying out the plans of the architect. The advantage of such a plan, is shown in the beauty of Washington, the only example of a well-planned city in the United States. It will require but a few years more to make this city the most beautiful in the world, as travellers say.

However, we can, for the most part, work under no such ideal conditions. Our towns have already been built with their sometimes narrow, crooked streets, and ugly, cramped buildings; yet even these can be made attractive. The so-called "ugly things" that are necessary can be greatly improved by making them harmonize with their surroundings. The chief end of civic art is to "clothe utility with beauty," but not, as some one has said, by "tying tidiess on telegraph poles, and putting doilies on the cross-walks." Such buildings as public laundries, warehouses, and livery stables, which are usually offensive to the eye, can be made artistic. A public laundry in Cambridgeport, near Harvard Bridge, is built with as much "attention to detail as if it were devoted to something more dignified than the cleansing of linen." Just opposite, is a

large warehouse which can scarcely be called beautiful, yet it has a dignity which "raises it above the level." Just across Harvard Bridge are two well built and well kept livery stables.

Nothing of use is too humble to be made artistic. Even the street lamps, sign-boards, and drinking fountains can be made attractive. In Boston, wherever sign-boards are allowed to be erected, they are ornamented with wrought-iron scroll work. A very attractive drinking fountain in Wrentham, Massachusetts, was erected in honor of the men of that town who fought in the French and Indian war.

Neighborhood societies can do much to have unnecessary bill-boards removed, waste lots improved, and back yards cleaned and beautified. In a certain town a family is much annoyed by having a beautiful view down a broad avenue cut off by an immense bill-board, with such advertisements as "Young Men Wanted," "Casearett's," "Hood's Sarsaparilla," "Castoria, the most wonderful Medicine ever Made for Children," and many others of the same character. In many small towns, vacant lots are almost exclusively used for the erection of bill-boards. It is a common thing to see them, with their accustomed accumulation of trash and filth, on main residence streets by the side of beautiful homes. Sometimes a handsome church or public building, will be fronted on the opposite side of the street, by an unsightly bill-board, with its flaring pictures and advertisements. Instead of these lots being used for bill-boards, and the dumping place for rubbish, they could be made to serve a better and higher purpose, by changing them into small parks. In Durham, a prominent citizen has changed one of these unsightly vacant plots into a delightful little park, by planting a hedge, some shade trees, and grass, and furnishing a few rustic seats and swings. The pleasure which this green and shady spot furnishes the children of the neighborhood, cannot be overestimated. Not only are these vacant lots neglected, but the majority of the back yards are in no better condition. It seems to be a common custom to make the front yards beautiful while the back, although in most cases quite as public as the front, are left to grow up in weeds,

and to receive all the refuse from the kitchen, such as bones, tin cans, broken plates, dishes, and the like. Some rear lots of public buildings are worse than residence yards. The condition of the back lots fronting the new million-dollar station in Atlanta, Georgia, is not only unsightly, but the odor, even in November, was unpleasant. The attractiveness, which can be given to back yards, is shown by the example of Dayton, Ohio.

This work of improving and beautifying our towns and cities is one which should appeal to every public-spirited man and woman. Clubs and organizations are necessary, and can do much, but these will mean but little without the sympathy, appreciation and help of each individual citizen, for without their help the dream of the "city beautiful" can never be attained. If every citizen is made to feel that he is a factor in the improving and beautifying of his city, his public spirit and aesthetic sense will hardly fail to insist that the plan be carried out. Educationally, this will do more in a short while towards instilling civic pride in our children, than has hitherto been done slowly, and with labor and pains in our schools. "I do not want art for a few," said William Morris, "any more than education for a few, or freedom for a few, and civic art is essentially a public art."

The two following papers are class exercises in the Department of English:

POETRY: AN ESSENTIAL PART OF A LIBERAL EDUCATION.

ELEANOR D. ELLIOTT, '07.

"The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils.
* * * Let no such man be trusted."

Thus Shakespeare characterizes the unmusical person, and with equal point but with less severity, the same may be said of the man or woman who dislikes poetry—verbal music. Not only do these miss much of the pleasure of life, but they fail to gain the full value of education. If the purpose of education is, as Plato says, "to give to the body and soul all the beauty and all the perfection of which they are capable," or as Spencer says, "to prepare for complete living," then poetry should be studied. An exact and yet comprehensive definition of poetry cannot be given, but it may truthfully be called "an interpretation and very image of life, expressed in eternal truth, under the paramount control of the principle of beauty—a treatment in rhythmic form of emotions and ideals." He who studies poetry, will inevitably have his ideals of life elevated, will be drawn closer to nature and to God, and will reap bountiful harvests of pleasure and profit.

It is hard to understand how one can fail to enjoy some of the productions of the masters, yet there are those who care nothing for even these, and who, were it possible, would destroy all poetry. They hold, that poetry is injurious to both mind and heart, that it unfitst one for the severer work of professional study, and for the common duties of life—in short, that it is impractical, and sentimental. Such persons are to be pitied because they miss so many of the good things of life.

The expression of such sentiments argues either a total lack of imagination—that valuable golden touch which makes dull life endurable—or failure to find that kind of poetry which appeals to them.

There is a kind of poetry to fit every individual, every age, and every mood—"it is not for the few, but for the many, for all." The very nature of poetry requires that, for "it is the voice of all that is best in humanity, speaking from man to man." Happiness, grief, sacrifice, love—all find their echoes in poetry.

Not only is it universal, but it is likewise representative. So closely connected with the inner life of a people, their customs, and character, is poetic expression, that frequently a clearer conception of a nation's history may be gained by a study of its poetry than through a mere record of events, no matter how accurate. Could the growth of England be better demonstrated in any way than by a study of her poets from Chaucer to Browning? For the student, no historical exercise would be more useful.

But the student's education is to be not only a theoretical knowledge gained from books. Interest in ideas is not to supersede interest in people and things. It is as an instrument for winning men and women back to love of nature—the world of things—that poetry is unequalled. "Nature description is not mere description of landscape in metrical form, but the expression of vital relationships between external nature and the deep heart of man." There is an indefinable something in verses of nature that appeals to the heart. Wordsworth and Shelley, as representatives of that class of poets, hold a peculiar place in English literature by reason of their power to see and to feel nature, and, by their verses, to make others feel the same. There are few who could read Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind" without feeling a wild spirit of exultation, the mad freedom of the upper air, which must have prompted its writing.

Though the awakening of a love for nature is essential in a liberal education, of immeasurably greater importance is the

arousing of a love for nature's Creator. Too often in the hurry and press of school work, God's service is made of secondary importance. It is one of the highest purposes of poetry to awaken slumbering love for the Almighty, and one for which it is peculiarly adapted, since rhythmic expression readily lends itself to the "subtest and most mystical secrets of the human heart." No one can be a true poet or a true lover of poetry who does not have the love of God and man and nature in his heart, and the student who has not cultivated this love will be hopelessly one-sided. The reader of poetry is silent before the majestic beauty of the Psalms, and even the practical man can find no weak sentimentality in the heart-healing words:

"O, rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him!"

Besides the ethical value of poetry, there is a reason for its study that will appeal even to the materialist—the enrichment of the reader's vocabulary, voice, and power of expression. The poets employ rare, concrete, musical, and exact words, which other writers may well envy—and imitate when possible. There is an inborn if dormant element of melody or rhythm in most of us, to which poetry appeals, and in reading aloud, this melody is awakened. Instinctively, the reader will learn to harmonize his voice with the selection. Especially for the young student of poetry, memorizing quotations is particularly helpful. So often a line of poetry will express one's feeling better than anything else. The essentially compact method of expression tends to easy memory; the epigrammatic form is convenient for repetition; and the underlying truth necessary for genuine poetry, finds many fitting occasions for use.

It has been said that the practical use to which poetry may be put is overshadowed by the greater one of developing the imagination. The power to rise above the annoyances and discouragements of life would be impossible without imagination. From this source comes "the stuff that dreams are made of"—the material for our ideals. To poetry belongs the power of lifting us above the commonplace—and of keeping us out of

the rut of mere existence. It not only creates the faculty of imagination, but trains it when formed. Instead of allowing idle fancies, it produces definite, concrete images. It furnishes the mind recreation, relaxation, and satisfies one's longing for escape from the bondage of living. "Tis a surcease from all sorrows" that opens to the mind a vast domain through which it may wander, forever finding something new, something consoling, something stimulating. Poets are but the mouthpieces of those to whom expression is denied, and it is these who derive the most satisfaction from its study. It may not seem that the pleasure-giving power of poetry is a substantial argument for its use in education, yet, this very power is responsible for its many other good effects. Some read poetry for enjoyment merely, and in the reading derive all the good that it is capable of giving. Above all else, it elevates the moral character and teaches men that "the most real things in the world are those that neither men nor children can see."

For these reasons we contend that poetry is of practical value in a liberal education. No other branch in any school curriculum furnishes what poetry does; from no other source can we gain so much of inspiration, instruction, religious help, and comfort. Of no other study can it be said that "the solutions it offers are not worldly pay and success, not freedom from pain and work, but beauty—like the dawn of a sweet May morning; and peace—like water on starry nights; and companionship—like a good friend for a walk in the woods; and the love of God—that friend that sticketh closer than a brother; and the sense of never-ending life."

WHY WE SHOULD STUDY POETRY.

FLORA THORNTON, '07.

In the busy world of today we find many who consider the study of poetry a waste of time, who consider poetry itself one of the unnecessary "frills" of life—an "impractical" thing, associated in their minds with romantic school-girls and the long-haired "poets" of the comic papers. There are others who are under the impression that a taste for poetry, as well as a genius for writing poetry must be inborn, and who believe that since they cannot appreciate the deepest of Browning's poems as a first attempt at poetic reading they have no "capacity for poetry."

Before the question of why we should study poetry is considered let it be understood that the taste for poetry is inborn, but not as we generally use the term "inborn." It is incarnated in every one of us. Every child is a poet—a poet who can create beautiful romances with no better material than dolls stuffed with sawdust, and can find fairyland with no better guides than bits of broken china. Some one says, "A poet died young in every one of us." He did not die. In those who believe they have no "capacity for poetry," the poet is only sleeping. By the right kind of study he may easily be awakened.

It is not absolutely necessary that this poetic feeling should be aroused in one. A man may exist without poetry and spend his life happily enough, too. He may live in a mechanical fashion, contentedly enough, practically without sentiment and with dulled imagination and feelings. But it is indeed a misfortune to him that he should pass through life without seeing the best and most beautiful part of it, without realizing the existence of the world of idealism and imagination, which contains the best of living. It may not be a duty to study poetry and to try to like it, but it is a misfortune that so large and so beautiful a portion of the world's literature should be lost to any reader.

Plato says that the most important function of the poet is "to keep alive the senses of a world that is out of sight," the world of idealism and imagination. The poet lifts us above our everyday cares and worries into a higher world. He makes us forget the world as it is, and causes us to live in the world as we would have it be. In this higher world of poetry there is good and evil alike, but the good is always supreme, and we forget the evil in the contemplation of the good.

Some say that this presentation of the idealistic and imaginative world is not art. "Art," they say, "must be real. It must present life exactly as it is—must lay bare all the weaknesses a man can have, must present nothing that is not, and cannot be." But, first of all, art must be beautiful, and in the realm of beauty, poetry is supreme. And after all, "the most real things are those which neither men nor children can see."

The contact with this idealistic and imaginative world of poetry elevates us. It strengthens our emotions, and brings out the best feeling in us. It develops the imagination. It has the same aim with Christianity, in that it tends to spiritualize our nature. And indeed the spiritual, the emotional, the imaginative side of us is as important as any other in the right kind of life. A man may know all there is to be known of the almost interminable "ologies" of science; he may have read all the history that has ever been written, and every dull volume of the "standard authors," and if he has no imagination, no feeling, no sympathy for those about him, if he has no idealism in his nature, he is nothing more than a machine. A knowledge of mere facts may not hope to suffice for the support of the emotions and affections.

"But," the enemies of poetry will say, "why read poetry when so much good prose is being written? There is prose which excites the imagination, which deals with the ideal and the spiritual in life. Why not say it all in prose and do away with poetry?" Prose may contain the same thought, but it can never attain to the splendor and beauty of poetry, and it can never make us feel so clearly what the writer intends to convey. By the general movement or rhythm of poetry, emotions

joyful or sad, actions, quick or slow, may be presented more exactly and beautifully than they can be presented in prose. To illustrate this point take the following quotation from Tennyson's "Passing of Arthur," where Sir Bedivere is bearing the wounded king to the vessel, which is to take him to "the island valley of Avilion":

"Dry clashed his harness in the icy caves
And barren chasms, and all to left and right
The bare black cliff clang'd round him, as he based
His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang
Sharp smitten with the dint of armed heels—
And on a sudden, lo! the level lake,
And the long glories of the winter moon."

In the first lines of this selection, by the irregularities of the meter, by the almost laboring movement, we are made to feel for ourselves the effort with which the warrior carries the king over "the bare black cliff" and "juts of slippery crag." Then the soft sound and the regular flow of the words of the last two lines certainly paints for us a more beautiful picture of the "level lake," than could ever have been depicted in prose writing.

The one thing to be understood with regard to poetry is that the meter is the meaning of the poem, as much as the words themselves. Try taking any of one's favorite poems and turning them into prose, and it will be found that the verse is the whole life of them, and as prose they are practically dead. Imagine bringing out in prose the depths of feeling expressed in Tennyson's little song:

"Break, break, break,
On thy cold, gray stones, O Sea!"

Such a thing would be impossible. The slow, solemn move-

ment afforded by the meter expresses more fully, perhaps, the feeling of the poet than the words,

“O for the touch of a vanish’d hand
And the sound of a voice that is still!”

Besides aiding in a clear and beautiful expression of feeling and thought, the meter and rhythm affords that charm and music to poetry, which is, to one who loves the beautiful for its own sake, sufficient excuse for the study of poetry. To one who loves the beautiful, the regular movement and the soft music of the words in Tennyson’s “Claribel”—rightly called “A Melody”—is sufficient reason for reading it:

“At eve the beetle boometh
Athwart the thicket lone; (br/>At noon the wild bee hummeth
About the moss’d head-stone;
At midnight the moon cometh,
And looketh down alone,
Her song the lintwhite swelleth
The clear voiced mavis dwelleth,
The callow throstle lisbeth,
The slumbrous wave outwel leth,
The babbling runnel crisbeth,
The hollow grot replieth
Where Claribel low lieth.”

Perhaps no element of poetry is more beautiful and impresses us more deeply with the difference between prose and poetry than description. There may be beautiful descriptions in prose, but in prose the descriptions are written out in full; every detail is presented, and there is no room for play of imagination on the part of the reader. The poet gives a suggestive word or two, and the reader imagines the scene for himself. And is not the picture resulting as deeply impressed upon the mind as that obtained from a prose description?

Certainly the mode of obtaining it is more delightful. Read any of the prose descriptions of Poe, and then see whether the pictures will be as deeply stamped on the mind, as that of the same writer's "dank tarn of Auber" and "ghoul-haunted Woodland of Weir," or that of Tennyson's

"Camelot, built by old kings, age after age,
So strange and rich and dim."

It is almost needless to say that by poetry the feelings may be aroused to an extent which can never be equalled in prose. Poetry seems to reach certain recesses of the human heart to which prose has no access. For instance, prose writers may write long treatises on suicide, showing all the workings of the mind, but to understand how the suicide himself feels, to know his despair and to sympathize with him, we must turn to the poet—to Hood and his "Bridge of Sighs":

"Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window to casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood with amazement
Homeless by night.

"The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river;
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery
Swift to be hurled—
Anywhere, anywhere,
Out of the world."

Non one reading this, and seeing the difference between its effect and that of the most interesting of prose treatises, and

ask why we should study poetry. No one who can to the slightest degree appreciate the beauties of nature, can ask "What's the use of poetry?" when he reads:

"The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!"

No one who remembers "Auld Lang Syne" can question the importance of poetry when he reads:

"We two hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wandered many a weary foot
Sin' aud lang syne."



THE FATE OF A DREAM.

ELLA BATTLE, '08.

My heart was strangely free from care
And seemed to rest
Within my breast
As lightly as a bird on air.

The glory of a causeless joy
Wrought magically
A melody
That seemed to be without alloy.

And so my spirit soared on high
Filled magically
With melody
And heeded not the reason's cry.

It heeded not, in wayward flight,
That warning cry
Flung upon high,
"Thou'rt embodied; thou must fight!"

At last in spirit I came to rest
On the mount of fame,
Where a deathless name
Is given to those, who reach its crest.

Then I looked on the sea of faces, upturned
With wondering gaze
And words of praise;
And I tasted the joy ambition had earned.

'Tis gone; for that was yesterday,
I learned last night
To see aright.
The dream no longer holds its sway.

Yes! realization came at last,
On yesternight
The dream took flight;
My soul was torn as with a blast.

Humbled was all self esteem;
Madly I fought
But all for naught—
I could not fulfill the dream.

A voice that came from God knows where
Said solemnly,
"It cannot be,"
And struggle calmed into despair.

I wondered what life could mean to me,
With that dream gone
For which alone
I lived, and was glad to be.

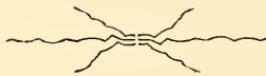
But that is past; and now the light
Of this new day
Has chased away
The little darkness of last night.

With rising sun has come a beam
Of light from Heaven,
By the great God given;
And exposed the earthly in my dream.

I'd dreamed a life of ceaseless strife,
To end in fame
And deathless name;
But I'd forgot the Lord of Life.

I sought to let my light so shine,
That men might see,
And honor me;
Not God: the glory must be mine.

But that is past, and the Holy One
In His wondrous way
Has taught me to say
With a smile, "Thy will be done."



VANCE COUNTY.

ANNIE MAY HUNTER, '08.

In the year 1881, by act of the Legislature, a new county was formed from parts of Granville, Warren and Franklin. This county was named in honor of our "War Governor," Zebulon Blaird Vance. In 1779 Franklin and Warren had been formed from Bute which name had been discontinued because of the bitter feeling toward John, Earl of Bute, an enemy to the American Cause. So zealous were these patriots, that they gloried in the fact that "there were no Tories in Bute," and made of these words their slogan or war cry.

Bute and Granville had been a part of Edgecombe. John, Lord Carteret (afterwards Earl of Granville,) heir of Sir George Carteret, one of the Lords Proprietors, retained his eighth portion of the provinces of the Carolinas when the other portions had been sold to the crown. The following statement concerning the allotment of the eighth part, afterwards called Granville, is found in the Colonial Records: "And whereas, commissioners were accordingly appointed on behalf of his majesty and of the said John, Lord Carteret, to set out and allot to the said John, Lord Carteret one full eighth part of the provinces of the Carolinas, who by their humble report to his majesty in council bearing date the sixth day of December in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and forty-three did certify that in pursuance of his majesty's said order in council—they did immediately proceed to set out and allot to the said John Carteret one full eighth part of the provinces of the Carolinas, in one entire district, in one province of North Carolina, next adjoining and contiguous to the province of Virginia." Edgecombe in turn had been taken from Craven, one of the original precincts into which Bath had been divided.

Since the territory of Vance is contiguous so that of Virginia, its early inhabitants were naturally Virginians. Among the Virginians that came to Vance were the Mitchells, the

Bullocks, the Satterwhites, the Hendersons, the Taylors and the Williams families. These people turned their attention to agriculture, which industry proved successful because of the good soil. "Governor Martin in 1772 passed through Granville and Bute on his way from Hillsboro to New Bern and wrote of these counties: "They have a great preeminence as well with respect to soil and its cultivation as to the manners and conditions of the inhabitants in which last respect, the difference is so great one would be led to think them people of another region."

In the northern part of the county is situated the historic town, Williamsboro, "which was one of the first three postal towns under colonial government in what is now the State of North Carolina." Williamsboro was never a business town but rather a social center around which lived many wealthy and prominent families. Probably as many beautiful and stately colonial homes were to be seen in this section of the county as in any other part of the State. About two miles from the town, where now Mr. Richard A. Bullock lives, stood Montpelier, the home of Judge John Williams for whom Williamsboro was named. In 1745, Judge Williams, as a boy came to Granville from Virginia. "In 1778 John Williams, Samuel Ashe and Samuel Spencer were made the first judges under the State constitution." The next year he became a member of the Continental Congress. The home of Judge Richard Henderson was also near Williamsboro. Richard Henderson began public life a deputy sheriff under his father, Samuel Henderson who was appointed sheriff soon after his arrival from Virginia in 1745. Later on, he read law under Judge Williams. Henderson was so well equipped for his law examination that he was soon afterwards appointed by the Governor, a judge of the Superior Court.

In 1774, Richard Henderson, Leonard Hendly Bullock of Granville, with William Johnston, James Hogg, Thomas Hart, John Lutterell, Nathaniel Hart and David Hart, of Orange purchased from the Indians a tract of land, including a large

portion of what is now the States of Tennessee and Kentucky. In this territory they attempted to establish the Transylvania colony. The next year the governors of North Carolina and Virginia declared their purchase illegal, but each granted to these men two thousand acres. By his marriage with Elizabeth Keeling, a step daughter of John Williams, Richard Henderson had two daughters and four sons who followed in the footsteps of their father. Chief Justice Leonard Henderson was the third son. The following information was obtained from an article written by the venerable T. B. Kingsbury, who has been accepted as authority on all subjects relating to the history and literature of our State. "Judge Leonard Henderson had a noble, generous, genial lovable nature, and was honest and honorable above most men. He devoted his entire manhood to the law, and won with dignity, amiability and honor its highest honors. In 1808 he was raised to the Superior Court bench, and continued to preside until 1816, when he resigned. In 1818 the Supreme Court was created, when he was chosen one of the three judges, his associates being John Lewis Taylor, of Cumberland county, and John Hall, of Warren. In 1829 Judge Taylor died, when Judge Henderson was appointed Chief Justice. He continued on the bench until his death. Judge Henderson for many years taught a law school at his home, near Williamsboro, which was largely attended. Many young men who became distinguished lawyers and judges received instruction from this wise and good judge, and genial and amiable man. Among them were Judges Burton, Pearson and Gilliam, Gov. Burton and many others."

John Penn, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, came also from Virginia to Granville and lived near Williamsboro. There he succeeded Richard Caswell as delegate to the Continental Congress. In Wheeler's History of North Carolina is found this interesting incident in the life of Penn. "Watson in his Annals of Philadelphia states that a singular case of duel occurred in Philadelphia in 1778 or '79 between Henry Laurens, President of Congress, and Mr. Penn. They

were fellow boarders and breakfasted together the same morning. They were to fight on a vacant lot *visa-vis* the Masonic Hall on Chestnut street. In crossing at Fifth street, where was, then, a deep slough Mr. Penn kindly offered his hand to aid Mr. Laurens, then much the oldest, who accepted it. He suggested to Mr. Laurens who had challenged him, that it was a foolish affair and it was made up on the spot."

Quite an interesting character in the history of Vance county is the negro John Chavis, "a Presbyterian Clergyman and a teacher of the white youths of the old South." This negro is supposed to have been educated by Dr. Witherspoon at Princeton, whether this is true or not, "it is certain that he was a fine Latin and a fair Greek scholar, and that he was a man of literary culture, of dignity, even of courtly bearing, and that he enjoyed the respect and esteem of the best men of his day." Chavis preached in different parts of the county. Under his instruction Gov. Manly, Prof. J. H. Horner, father of Bishop Horner, and others were trained for the work that they afterwards accomplished.

Not far from what is known as the Townsville neighborhood stands old Nut Brush Church where one of the first cries for liberty was made June 3, 1765.

Lossing, in the Field Book of the Revolution, says:

"I arrived at Nut Bush Postoffice, a locality famous in the annals of that State as the first place in the interior where a revolutionary document was put forth to arouse the people to resist the government." This reference is made to an event about which Martin in his history writes as follows: "On the sixth of June, 1765, when the news of the passage of the Stamp Act arrived in the interior of the province, a paper was circulated at Nut Bush entitled "A serious address to the inhabitants of the colony of Granville, containing a brief Narrative of our Deplorable Situation and the wrongs we suffer and some necessary Hints with respect to a Reformation. The paper had for its epigraph the following line:

"Save my Country, heavens, shall be my last."

The paper was prepared by an illiterate man but it was so forcibly and clearly expressed that it had a powerful effect on the people. "Martin, 11, 197."

Within Williamsboro is located St. John's Episcopal Church. The good people there love to say, as they have been told, that the framework of their church was made in England, and that the brick with which it is underpinned were brought over from England, as ballast in the hold of the vessel. It is also said that the church was occupied one night during the Revolution by soldiers watching for the enemy. Its interior is somewhat different from that of Episcopal Churches of the present day. The backs of the pews are very high, and a door with its lock opens into each pew. The vestry room is placed in the rear of the church and not near the chancel.

Henderson, named for the family of the Chief Justice, on account of its convenient situation was made the county seat of Vance. According to the county records, this is the largest city in the world, for it is recorded as extending twelve thousand miles, instead of twelve thousand feet, in each direction from the court-house.

THE EARLY HISTORY AND SETTLEMENT OF HYDE COUNTY.

CARRIE V. SIMMONS.

Hyde is one of the oldest counties in North Carolina. It is situated in the extreme eastern part of the State, and its present boundaries are the Alligator river and Tyrrell county on the north, the Atlantic Ocean and the Pamlico sound on the south the Pamlico sound on the east, and the Pungo river on the west.

The original division of the colony of Carolina was into the two counties of Albemarle and Clarendon; the former contained the settlements around Albemarle sound, the latter that of the Cape Fear. There were then no settlements between the two localities. As people began to move south from Albemarle and settle in Pamlico county, Bath county was created. The present territory of Hyde was included in Bath. The necessity for the creation of the new county is told in an order of the Palatine's Court "helden at the house of the honorable Francis Jones, Esq., the 9th day of December, 1696." In 1705, the population still increasing, it became necessary to divide Bath county into three precincts: Pamptecough, Archdale and Wickham.

In 1711 the name of Wickham precinct was changed to Hyde precinct, in honor of Edward Hyde, a moneyless cousin of Queen Anne, who was made Colonial Governor of North Carolina. Dr. Kemp P. Battle, of the University of North Carolina, best authority concerning the early and forgotten history of North Carolina, says that it is not known who Wickham was, for whom the precinct was named, but probably a Secretary to one of the Lords Proprietors.

A fact not generally known, is that Bath town, situated on Molines creek, the oldest town in the State and for five years in the Colonial Days the seat of government, was at one time in the old Hyde precinct. It does not appear precisely when

Pamptecough precinct was changed into Beaufort precinct nor does it clearly appear when this change took place, where the dividing line between the precincts of Hyde and Beaufort was established. It is certain however that the boundary of Beaufort precinct was extended far enough, at least, to take in Bath town, located on the east and Hyde's side of Moline's creek, which was the dividing line between Hyde and Beaufort precincts.

Prior to 1723 all the precincts of Bath county attended Court at Bath. In that year the Assembly in session in the old town of Edenton, "Among other improvements, as uniting the various settlements by roads,—established fixed localities in the several precincts, and ordered the erection, at them, of suitable public buildings for offices and Courts of Justice. It was thought that one locality would suffice for Hyde and Beaufort." This was at Bath.

"The last Assembly that ever convened in Carolina under Proprietary government met at Edenton on the 27th of November, 1728. This body separated the precincts of Hyde and Beaufort in their Court system and directed a Court House to be built in the former county where Woodstock now stands."

"In 1729 Hyde and Beaufort were separated by Act of Assembly, for convenience of the inhabitants and by the same Act, Hyde was given power and authority to locate and build a court house at some convenient place, for the convenience of the inhabitants thereof." This was by Act of the first Assembly of the Colonies of North Carolina, after the surrender of the Lords Proprietors to the crown and approving by Act of Assembly the work done in Edenton relating to the separation of Hyde and Beaufort's Court system. The place chosen was Woodstock, (now Beaufort county,) and there was situated Hyde county's first seat of government. It is not known how long it remained there. From there it was taken to Germanton. Afterwards it was for a time located at Lake Landing, and from there it was removed in 1836 to Swan Quarter, its present location.

In 1738, Albemarle and Bath counties were abolished and each precinct of the colony made a county. We find then, that in 1738 Hyde precinct was made a county, and in point of age, excepting Albemarle, Bath and Clarendon, which were then abolished, is as old as any county in the State.

Until 1745, Mattamuskeet lake and the country around was separate from Hyde and probably was a part of Currituck county. By Act of Assembly passed at that time, it was made a part of Hyde county.

From time to time various changes were made in her boundaries but the last was in 1890, when all that part of the banks or barrier reefs, lying between the sound and the ocean, beginning at Hatteras Inlet and extending to New Inlet, was by Act of Assembly creating Dare county, made a part of Dare. This Act left nothing of the banks to Hyde, except Ocracoke Island, which lies between Hatteras and Ocracoke Inlets. This island is twelve miles long and one mile wide.

The early settlers of Carolina, about the Albemarle and Pamlico country, were English and French Huguenots. The Huguenots had come hither to avoid religious persecution at home. We are unable to ascertain the precise date when the first settlers made their home in what is now Hyde county. It is probable that Hyde county, then a part of Bath precinct was settled about the time or very soon after Albemarle county. Hawks in his history on page 71, says, "Unable, however, as we are to trace with certainty the various exploring companies that visited Carolina, of one particular we are sure, that as early as 1656, very considerable settlement had been formed from Virginia, on the northern side of Albemarle sound."

These first settlers found the country inhabited by three tribes of Indians; the Cores, Cutchneys and Matamuskeets. These were fierce and warlike. They took part in the Tuscarora war and were the last who were brought under subjection and with whom terms of peace were arranged. They lived principally in that part of Hyde about Matamuskeet lake.

Our ancestors brought with them from the Mother Country,

the worship of the Church of England. This religion, however, was not obligatory. Indeed we regret to note that of religion, there was but little of any kind in the colonies prior to 1708, except among the Quakers over in the Chowan and Perquimans country. In 1701, William of Orange, then King of England, chartered the society known as the "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts," and Mr. Hawks says, "It is the oldest existing Protestant Missionary Society in the world." "To this body, the Protestant Episcopal Church in North America may be said chiefly to owe its existence." Governor Glover tells us, that on Trinity Sunday, 1706, the Rev. Richard Marsden administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, for the first time in North Carolina. In 1708, the Society sent to the precincts of the Albemarle and Pamlico countries, two Episcopal clergymen, the Rev. James Adams and William Gordon. The first had for his charge, Pasquotanks and Currituck precincts; the latter, Chowan and Perquimans precincts. We cannot learn with certainty who were the first clergymen the aforesaid Society sent to the precinct of Bath.

Among the laws, one in regard to religion was, that the Church of England was declared to be the only established church in Carolina, and the province was to be divided into nine parishes. Chowan precinct was to contain two, separated from each other by Albemarle sound and Chowan river, and to be known as the "Eastern Parish" and the "Southwest Parish." Pasquotank was to have two, these were "North-east Parish" and "South-west Parish" of Pasquotank, separated by the Pasquotank river, Perquimans, Currituck and Hyde precincts, each formed a parish, having for limits the boundaries of their precincts. Pamtecong river and its branches, commonly called Beaufort precinct, formed a parish and was named "St. Thomas;" and a parish by the name of "Craven Parish" was formed on the Neuse river and its branches. To this last all the settlements south of it were to belong until a further division should be made.

There have been gradual changes from the old English system brought by our forefathers to the colonies, until we now have our present court system of government.

The early inhabitants of North Carolina were divided into different classes; the educated, who were generally allied to families of rank in England; those who had managed by shrewdness, thrift and superior intelligence to become rich, and from whom the Lords Proprietors usually selected their deputies; and the freemen, who were the ordinary and un instructed immigrants. In England they would have belonged to the peasantry or agricultural laborers. Among this class was another set, whose misfortunes had reduced them to a temporary slavery. These were the transported convicts who had been brought in and sold to the planters. Their condition was worse than any other of the white people in the colony, but they were much better off than the poor of London. They were bound out for a certain term of years, at the expiration of which they became full citizens.

The earliest record I have found of representatives of Hyde in any Assembly is of the delegates sent to the general meeting of delegates at New Bern on August 25th, 1774. Hyde county sent Samuel Smith and Rotheas Latham. To the meeting at Hillsboro on the 25th of August, 1775, she sent Joseph Hancock and John Jordan. To the Congress at Halifax, April 4th, 1776, she sent Rotheas Latham, Joseph Hancock, John Jordan and Benjamin Parmele. This body placed the State under military organization and appointed as officers for Hyde county, Rotheas Latham, Colonel; Benjamin Parmele, Lieutenant-Colonel; William Russel, Major; Thomas Jones, Second Major. Her delegates to the Congress at Halifax, the 12th of November, 1776, were Joseph Hancock, John Jordan, Benjamin Parmele, William Russell and Abraham Jones.

The inhabitants of Hyde lived far apart and there was only occasional intercourse between them. For many years the General Court and Assembly had no fixed place of session, and the meetings were often at the private residences of one of

the counselors. There was no mail service and all communications except by personal intercourse had to be by private messenger.

This difficulty was felt by the upper class but more so by the servants and laborers. No white bondman could leave his master's land but under such restrictions as amounted to virtual prohibition, and a hired laborer could not come and go as he pleased. Sunday was the day of rest and freedom, but not even then could the people gather together at the places of worship, for there were no such places for many years. The English hunter and the wild Indian were the only ones that did much visiting, and they probably saw more of the inhabitants than any one else in the province.

Occasionally the well-to-do class came together and had a great feast. Everything was elegant and in great abundance, and their style was almost the same in every respect as in England, even to the servants and livery.

The costumes of the rich were the same as in England in the reigns of Queen Anne and the Georges. The common people lived in comfort and were generally clad by the industry of the women of the province; for they made first the cloth and then the garments from cotton, wool and flax.

The style of buildings were continually improved until once in a while a house built entirely of brick could be found, and nearly all of the houses had brick chimneys. When the people first immigrated to America the houses were nothing but little log huts.

The amusements were dancing, wrestling, foot-racing, cudgel playing, nine pins, shovel-boards, quoits, and cock-fighting. They also had two sports which were almost unknown to the humble Englishman, fishing and hunting.

The women and children were a great help to the early settlers. They could handle a canoe well, and the wives were always ready to help their husbands in any servile way. The girls were taught to sew, spin, attend to the household affairs and dairy. The children of both sexes were very docile and very quick at learning. There were few, if any, good-for-noth-

ing ones amongst them, and instead of wasting what the industry of their parents had left them, they improved and added more to it. They were married when quite young.

The landscape of Hyde county does not present a sublime picture. It is a low, flat country with two rivers, that of the Pungo on the west, and Alligator river on the north. On the south is the Pamlico Sound (in Indian language called Pamplecough), extending also around to the east, and making into the land from the sound are occasional creeks and bays; the chief ones being Swan-Quarter bay, Ewasocking bay. In the interior are two lakes; a small one called New Lake in the northwestern part of the county, and in the eastern part is Mattamuskeet lake, the largest in North Carolina. This lake is fifteen miles long and seven miles wide. It was once a vast Juniper swamp, the bottom of which, buried beneath the black mud, is a net-work, overlaid thickly with Juniper logs, stumps and roots. In extreme droughts when the water is dried up these logs, stumps and roots, dry out, and when the rainy season comes on they break from their hiding places and are washed ashore. This process has been going on for centuries and still the supply is not exhausted. Also in the bottom of this lake, deep down under the mud, are ashes, charred and decayed Juniper, proving conclusively that it was once a vast Juniper swamp and burned into a lake. The waters of this lake are two and a half to three feet deep at present; while in the memory of the oldest inhabitants now living, it was from six to eleven feet deep and navigable. Its outlet is through Lake Landing canal, cut by the State. The east, west and south shores of this lake are beautiful flats or reefs, well grassed, making most excellent pasturage for stock of all kind. The lake is fast filling up from the wash of the soil around it and a gradual uplifting of its bottom. In it have formed several Islands, which are growing fast and becoming higher land with each passing year. These islands are used by some of the people as pastures. Tradition has it that Matamuskeet lake was burned out by the Indians and was thirteen moons in burning. Its name was

first Marimuskeet. It is named for a tribe of Indians, who once lived about its borders, and may have in the forgotten past, moved about and had their wagwams in the vast juniper swamp, which stood where now ripple the waters of the lake.

Most of the thick, wooded forests of Hdye that were found by the early settlers have been cleared away and transformed to rich fertile farming lands. However there yet remain some large tracts of forest containing the primeval growth of pine, oak, hickory, cypress, juniper, black and sweet gum, maple, bay, and holly trees.

The soil of Hyde is among the richest found in the State, and has always been so. Almost any crop that can be raised in North Carolina can grow there if it receives the proper attention. The main crops are corn, rice, cotton, wheat and oats.

The oyster and fish industry is very profitable in Hyde. They are found in great abundance in the bays and rivers and are consumed to a great extent by the inhabitants.

There have gone from her boundaries many prominent men. Conspicuous among these is George Washington Carrowan, the Baptist minister. Every reader of modern history in our surrounding country has read of the Carrowan-Lassiter murder trial. Want of space forbids me to further mention her noted men. Suffice it to say, she has had her share; in that respect she has kept pace with the other counties of the State.

In some respects, especially in her growth, Hyde county has not kept up with her sister counties. Among the causes which have retarded her growth is trouble with her boundaries. She is mainly an agricultural country, and therefore there are no cities and manufacturing plants. She has no good water facilities except the sound and her boundary waters, there being through the county no navigable streams, except what has been made by the hand of man. Much of her transportation is done by means of these canals, with Elizabeth City and other places. There are no railroads in the county. There is a movement on foot now to open her interior up by means of railroad. Let us hope that this movement will succeed. This want of transportation facilities has both impeded immigration and encouraged emigration to a great extent.

CHADBOURN.

M. L. BROWN.

About fifteen years ago Chadbourn, a small town in the southeastern part of the State, did not exist. The place where it now stands "was then a flat, swampy country covered with pines, scrubby undergrowth, and inhabited by all sorts of small game. The razor-back hog and the 'down-eastern poor white man' were about the only products of civilization to be seen."

However, this country was not doomed to remain uncultivated and uncivilized. Two men, Messrs. J. A. and R. E. L. Brown, went there and started a lumber and mercantile business. They saw that by proper drainage the land could be converted into a profitable trucking district; so they began to experiment. They found that the land was best adapted for growing strawberries. However, men were lacking to cultivate it. Industrious Tar Heel farmers could not be induced to forsake their old crops of cotton, corn, and tobacco to experiment in truck farming. Since the farmers near by could not be persuaded to help cultivate this land, the thrifty Northern and Western farmer was sought. More than \$13,000 was spent in advertising in the leading daily papers of New York, Massachusetts, Illinois, Ohio, Iowa, Nebraska, and adjoining States. This advertising had the desired effect. Answers came from all quarters. Twenty-five settlers were planted in 1897, and 275 more followed in the next few years. Several families drove from Oklahoma and Nebraska in covered wagons. Among those who came by wagon from Oklahoma was a Mr. Payne, a man of seventy years, who brought with him his wife, a grown son, three horses, two cows, and an old hen and chickens. Within an hour after arriving at Chadbourn, Mr. Payne traded his extra horse for thirty acres of land, and pitched his tent. This man hewed logs and built a home. To-day his holdings are worth \$2,500. The values on the land have greatly increased within the last ten years. The Browns

bought 1,200 acres of land near Chadbourn for sixty cents per acre, and after cutting ditches through it, they sold it to the settlers for \$5.00 an acre. Much of the same land could not be bought now for less than \$150 per acre.

These "colonists," as they are called by the native inhabitants of Chadbourn, struggled into the forests, cleared patches, planted strawberries and prospered. Today they live in beautiful country homes, and are fast becoming rich. Hundreds of commission men go there every strawberry season, and purchase car loads of berries for the Northern markets. The stores swarm with negro berry pickers who earn \$1.00 per day, and some \$2.00. Last year there were 1,700 car loads shipped during the season, causing Chadbourn to enjoy the unique distinction of being the largest single strawberry shipping station in the world. The revenues from the sales of berries alone amount to \$700,000 and upwards annually. The principal products grown for shipment, besides the strawberry, are dewberries, Irish potatoes, and lettuce.

In the line of manufactures, Chadbourn possesses a lumber mill, a crate factory, which makes 150,000 crates annually, but not enough to supply the demand, and an ice factory that is just being completed at a cost of \$50,000.

There are two brick buildings in Chadbourn, the drug store and the bank, and also three pretty little churches, Presbyterian, Methodist and Baptist. There is one large and commodious public school building.

There are about 1,000 inhabitants in the town, and they are industrious, religious, and well educated. A well-selected and well-used library may be found in almost every house. They are great "church workers" as well as "church goers," and are especially fine Sunday-school attendants. In spite of the fact that the population is cosmopolitan, the inhabitants having come from the North and Northwest, and also a few from New York, Pennsylvania, and Canada, the people are very congenial,

A SPRING SONG.

CLAUDIA STELLA BLOUNT, '06.

Springtime brings the alder tags and piping frogs at night;
In its wake come peach-tree blooms and plum trees bursting
white.

Blue smoke curls up from the fields, like sweet incense to God
And wholesome earthy fragrance floats from upturned sod.

When spring is born, the heaven's more blue, the clouds of
fleecier white,

And in the lengthened twilight hour, the stars shed misty
light.

There are fresh joys and hopes aglow when birds are all awing
And our glad hearts leap up in us with the promise of the
spring.

A DREAM.

On September 17, *before* the awful news was told to me, I slept, and dreamed of Dr. McIver. I saw his beloved face and form as clearly, and distinctly as ever in my waking hours.

As I lay sleeping, there came this dream to me.

My truest friend, a master builder, led me forth upon a mountain top, that, towering far above the clouds, was bathed in glorious light.

As there we stood upon this bare, bald, rounded mountain peak, alone, as on an island in a boundless sea of snowy, billowy clouds, he pointed out to me what I had not seen before, a great white structure, rising from this mountain top. Its walls were built of white blocks of purest marble.

We stood and looked upon the beauty and the grandeur of its flawless masonry, and as we gazed, we neither saw nor heard

any sign of builder's tools, nor noise, nor dust of human workmanship, but pure, spotless, polished as the shining snow, sculptured into perfect symmetry, silently, slowly, each dazzling block was lifted by invisible hands and fitted into place. And so the shining walls rose higher and yet higher until one half the perfect structure towered far beyond the power of my poor eyes to follow.

The unfinished wall near where we stood, rose block by block, as a giant marble stairway, leading upward to the finished wall. Upon the ground around us lay countless blocks for future building.

My dream was changed. My friend was gone. I stood alone, and darkness as the pall of night, came down upon the mountain top. The silence and the loneliness of an empty world oppressed me.

From out the darkness, there came these words to me, "I have shown you how. Complete the structure." My dream became a parable. The mountain top, on which we stood, was the view of life, to which my friend had led me. This glorious structure—his soul's ideal, he had brought me there to see. The finished walls, the parts which he had builded. The shining, pure white blocks, were noble deeds of service for his fellowman. The unfinished walls, the parts of the master builder's dream not yet fulfilled.

My dream was ended. "I awoke, and, behold, even as I dreamed, so was it, now that my sleep had gone."

My dream had been a prophecy and I understood. My friend, who oft had led me up the mountain side of duty, and pointed out to me new visions of the beauty of life and service, *was gone*. I stood alone, and the silence and the darkness of "a new and an awful loneliness" encompassed me.

Clear and true ring out the master builder's words to us,—his friends. "I have shown you how. Complete the structure."

ONE OF DR. McIVER'S GIRLS.

WOMAN AT WORK.

Miss Mary E. Cutler owns the famous Winthrop Gardens in Holliston, Mass. From a farm which several years ago cost but a few hundred dollars, she is today drawing an annual income of several thousand dollars. She practises intensive farming of the diversified type. Besides the ordinary crops, she cultivates shade trees, garden flowers and vegetables. Miss Cutler is employed as a special lecturer by the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture.

Mrs. Florence M. Laflin is doing a new but commendable work. She manages the woman's department of the Missouri Lincoln Trust Company. Her duties are to instruct women depositors in the details of opening accounts, making out checks and investing their savings. We have heard about the young lady who, upon being informed by her bankers that she had overdrawn her account, wrote a note of regret and apology and enclosed her check for the amount short.

Mrs. William Jennings Bryan is an expert stenographer. She learned the business that she might the more be a companion and help to her busy husband.

Edna Browning Ruby, of La Fayette, Indiana, has attained high excellence as a textile designer. She exhibits with the most noted artists in London, New York, Philadelphia and Chicago. A sketch of her life should be read by every girl whose soul and fingers burn to make beautiful things. This sketch may be found in *The Woman's Journal* of December 8, 1906.

Many and various are ways of the woman at work. One woman in New England is said to make money by running a cat farm. She makes a specialty of Angoras of which she raises 200 a year. These sell for from \$10 to \$50 apiece. Some jealous minded young man has called our college "an old maid factory." See the association of ideas girls? There may be

this congenial opening to some of our alumnae to prove their independence of matrimony.

A more attractive way of earning a living except to those who love cats, is that of Miss Louise Cheatham, of Aiken, S. C. She raises and trains native song birds. After all, the raising of cats seems the more womanly occupation since the Angoras have their liberty and one's heart is not touched as by the imprisonment of the forest musicians. The young girl, Miss Asch, near Aiken, who raises beagles for the market has the most profitable occupation of the three.

Lula B. Russell, is a rural free delivery mail-carrier in Oklahoma and her sister Hattie Russell has been appointed her substitute. There are in the United States 253 women rural mail carriers.

Miss M. Jennie Kendall is the first woman deputy sheriff in New Hampshire. She is the agent of the Woman's Humane Society of Nashua and has secured this appointment to enable her the better to prevent cruelty to animals.

Miss Lena Ham, a young teacher, of Picton, Colorado, ran for justice of the peace on the Republican ticket last fall. She was elected by a large majority. She is but 26 but she conducts her court with dignity and justice.

Miss Mabel Acker has been appointed clerk of the Court of Special Sessions of the borough of Richmond, N. Y., to fill out the unexpired term of her father, deceased. She is just 21 years of age.

Mrs. L. Flood Channon is one of the two finger-print experts appointed by the Secretary of the Navy to have charge of the system of identification of criminals lately adopted in the Navy Department. She was formerly a government clerk at \$1,000 a year.

Mrs. Margaret Selenka, widow of the noted Dutch scholar, has been chosen to lead a scientific expedition to Java; backed

by the Dutch government and the Berlin Academy of Science; to continue the researches of Dr. Eugene Dubois. This scientist found in Java the fossil of an anthropoid ape supposed to be "the missing link." His theory was combatted by many scientists but was strongly supported by some, among them Prof. Emil Selenka and Mrs. Selenka who was closely associated with her husband in his scientific work. She had conducted valuable independent investigations of anthropoid apes and therefore she has been asked to head this expedition.

At a recent distribution of prizes in the art school of London Royal Academy, the lion's share of honors fell to women. John S. Sargent who was present at the awarding of the prizes remarked, laughingly, that the men would have to look to their laurels.

The Tennessee Legislature has passed a bill permitting women to practise law in that State.

Miss Marion S. Parker, a Detroit girl, and a graduate of Michigan University, is a civil engineer. She has done the architect's work on several New York skyscrapers. She designed the Board of Exchange building in the Wall Street section, a 28-story monster that houses 8,000 brokers, bankers and corporation offices. She built the Astoria half of the Waldorf-Astoria, the Whitehall building and a dozen other notable structures. She did nearly all the designing alone, planning the steel work and everything from sub-basement to roof.

THE WEATHER MAN.

Where does the weather man live, mother,
And where does he eat and sleep?
Does he live up in the sky,
Where the stars their watches keep?

Does he ride in a fine balloon, mother,
When he wants to go home to bed?
And does he go by himself,
Or has he a chum like Fred?

And how does he ever know, mother,
If there must be rain or snow?
Or when the sun should be shining,
Or when the wind should blow?

And where does the weather man stay, mother,
Is it all up in the sky?
Who helps him to bring it down
When he needs a fresh supply?

I want to see him so badly, mother,
There's so much I want to know,
And then, if I'm very polite,
He surely would bring us some snow.

If I could just talk to him, mother,
And show him my brand new sled,
You know he'd be nice to me,
He would—I bet you my head!

If he knew my birthday was coming,
And coming in a week,
I believe he'd guess what I want
Before I had time to speak.

He'd call the cold winds together,
And bring lots of snow from the sky,
And spill it on the hill-side
And I'd have a fine time—wouldn't I?

O. H., in Charlotte Observer.



CONCERNING EDUCATION.

New York City does not encourage her married women to teach in her public schools and the City Board of Education is disturbed over the fact that of the twelve thousand women teachers, many hundreds are married. Many teachers consult their own and—incidentally—their new lords' convenience about reporting a change in their conjugal condition. The marriage of a woman teacher is a cause for discharge. Strange to say the Board may appoint a married woman as teacher. This anomaly exists probably to prove that consistency is the virtue of fools only.

Among those communities which have raised the salaries of their teachers are Minneapolis and Philadelphia. Formerly the latter city paid her teachers for their first year \$470. She has increased this pittance to one not quite so mean, viz: \$520. The increase will affect about 3,600 women and about 160 men.

In Buffalo, N. Y., women school teachers get from \$400 to \$700 a year, while men court criers get \$1,200.

Frederick T. Gates, of the General Education Board, says women's colleges will receive first attention now that its income has been increased by Rockefeller's \$32,000,000. While the men's colleges are crowded, those for women are over-crowded. Vassar, Bryn Mawr, Barnard, Wells, Elmira, Smith, Mount Holyoke, Radcliffe and Wellesley are the over-crowded institutions in sight of the Board over which, probably, the oily surplus will flow.

The North Carolina State Teachers' Assembly will meet in Durham, June 11-14. It is said that the teachers, in a body, will, upon the adjournment of the Assembly, visit the Jamestown Exposition.

The State Board of Education has adopted books on North Carolina history as follows: Hill's Young Folks' History of North Carolina for study and for supplementary reading

Stories of the Old North State, by R. D. W. Connor; Child's History of North Carolina, by W. C. Allen; Old Time Stories of the Old North State, by Mrs. McCorkle.

This writer has for many years expressed the hope that teachers might be pensioned, that these heroes of peace who have fought the good fight—for peace—who have struggled with difficulties; who have lived the life economical for longer years than ever our heroes of the 60s, might be remembered by the State when age and weariness overtake them all unprepared for that *dies irac* of inaction. There is in our State yet no promise of this righteous dealing, but it will come. North Carolina will, in time, see her duty to her hardest worked, poorest paid servants. Now and then there is a rift in the cloud and all teachers rejoice when this light falls upon the head of one even though it comes from beyond our borders and so many a pedagogue gives thanks because a North Carolina teacher has been pensioned. Rev. Thomas Hume, D. D., Professor of English at the University, has been notified that a pension has been granted to him from the Carnegie fund for the advancement of education.

PUBLIC HIGH SCHOOLS IN WARREN.

There are five public high schools in Warren county. That is to say, there are five districts which, by levying a special tax, extend the course of study in the public schools to high school work and prepare pupils for entrance to college. The length of the school term in all of these schools is eight or nine months. These districts receive their proportionate parts of the public money, and with the additional tax secure an income large enough to employ good teachers.

Wise High School, the largest of these schools, has an enrollment of one hundred and twenty pupils. The special tax levied for its support amounts to one thousand dollars. Mr. W. O. Dunn, principal, is a teacher of long experience and well qualified for the position. Three lady teachers are employed to assist him.

Mr. H. S. Grant is principal of Macon Academy. He pursued a two years' eclectic course at the University, and has added to that training nearly five years of experience. A lady assistant is given him. The special tax for Macon Academy is six hundred and fifty dollars. The number of pupils enrolled is seventy.

Miss Mattie D. Williams, a leading member of the class of 1905 at the State Normal and Industrial College, is principal of the school at Vaughan. The special tax in that district is four hundred and seventy dollars. One assistant teacher is employed. The number of pupils enrolled is sixty.

The Oakville school is in charge of Mr. Herbert Scholz, as principal. He is a graduate of Elon College, and is doing good work in his position. The school board also employs one lady teacher. The special tax in that district is three hundred and fifty dollars, and the number of pupils forty.

Mr. R. T. Teague, with one assistant, conducts the Churchill school. The principal has had fourteen years of experience. His record during these years has been very creditable. The special tax for this school is two hundred and fifty dollars, and enrollment 58 pupils.

Prof. John Graham's institution, Warrenton High School, is located at the county seat, and supplies the need of a public high school in that part of the county. That school draws an enrollment of seventy pupils from Warrenton and vicinity.

The people of the county are in accord with the progressive spirit that is sending the great wave of educational enthusiasm over the State, and the above is but a chapter in the history that shall be written hereafter.

The above is found in the North Carolina Journal of Education. To one who knows old Warren this gratifying condition is no surprise. Her people have ever been leaders in literary culture. Heretofore they have depended upon private schools and even now in her county seat, that center of refinement and of education—beautiful old Warrenton, there is no public school worth the name. She has for more than a century been noted for her fine schools, but not one of these seats

of learning has been free to the people. There are boys and girls in Warrenton today, the equals of any in mental capacity, who cannot improve their God-given powers because their parents cannot afford to pay tuition fees. Dr. McIver used to say that two lights in a room do not dim each other, but together they make the room brighter. So a thoroughly organized, well supported public school system in Warrenton will not be a let or hindrance to the very fine private schools now flourishing there. The public school is the most potent factor in the building of a town. It increases the value of real estate. It brings new people. It instils civic pride as no other agent can do.

Since writing the above, the following has been noted in the Journal of Education. It seems to come in proof of the assertion that the more lights in the room, the brighter the room. The Journal says:

"One of the most flourishing graded schools in the State, and one of which its patrons are justly proud, is that of Lenoir. Although the town boasts three other schools, and although the graded school is only three years old, its enrollment to date has been 480. There are now ten grades in the school and nine teachers, exclusive of the superintendent."

The Legislature dealt generously with our College as with other educational institutions. Our annual appropriation for support is \$70,000, and for buildings \$25,000. The University gets the same amount divided in the same way. This puts our two great institutions on a par, which is as it should be. All other schools aided by the State received increased appropriations. Two new educational institutions were created, an Eastern Training School for Teachers and the Spray School of Technology. Success attend both is the wish of the STATE NORMAL MAGAZINE.

AMONG OURSELVES.

LILLIAN GRAY.

The college was visited the latter part of January by the educational committee of the Legislature. The purpose of their visit was to ascertain the needs of the college. The students and faculty spent an enjoyable evening with the committee as their guests. An address of welcome was made by Mena Davis, of the Senior class. The selections of the Glee Club were also pleasing. Several of the committee were called upon to speak and responded. Some of the committee were present at chapel exercises the following day and made brief talks. They were doubtless impressed with the enthusiasm of the students and with their sentiments concerning the establishment of an Eastern Normal College.

Mary Sanford has spent several days with her sister, Mrs. R. F. Faucette, in Durham.

Martha Allen has returned to her home in Kinston, on account of ill health.

Mrs. H. O. Furman visited her daughter, Annie, several days ago.

Prof. T. Gilbert Pearson, formerly a member of our faculty, delivered a most delightful and instructive lecture to the students on "The Habits of Birds." Mr. Pearson illustrated his lecture with stereopticon views. He will be warmly welcomed whenever he chooses to supplement this lecture.

We doubt if in any subject brought before the college recently, there was as much instruction and inspiration as in the illustrated lecture on "The National Yellowstone Park," February 20th. This lecture was given by representatives of the Northern Pacific Railway, who use perhaps the finest slides in the United States. We were never so impressed with the natural beauty of our own country.

During the recent snow storm, while skating under the eaves of the Curry Building a mass of snow fell from the building upon Enla May Blne, causing painful though not serious injuries.

Elizabeth Le Gwin is at a hospital in Wilmington, receiving treatment for appendicitis.

Bell Strickland has been called home on account of the illness of her mother.

The Seniors of the first grade in the Practice School, and the Bible class of Miss Leah D. Jones, recently spent an enjoyable evening with her.

The reception of the Sophomore class to the Freshmen is the chief social event of the year, omitting perhaps the initiation. This year the entrance of the Freshmen into the social life of the college and into good fellowship with their sister class, was at a novel and pleasing entertainment, a "Mother Goose Party," given in the Main Building. The souvenirs were silver stick pins, oval in shape, with "10" prettily engraved on them.

It is but seldom that a musical genius includes Greensboro in his list of favored places, but this spring has proved an exception to that rule by bringing to us some of the leaders in that profession. Not since Mme. Rive-King delighted us two years ago have we heard a professional pianist of the first rank, until Signor Angelo Patricolo's concert, given at the college in January. To those who heard him any description would seem inadequate. To those who did not, this writer cannot worthily present the subject. Patricolo combines mechanical excellence with great delicacy of feeling.

ATHLETIC NOTES.

Athletic organizations are needful in college, and the students recognize this truth. The season of basket-ball is now upon us, and the prospects are brighter than ever before. Basket-ball is a game that requires speed, agility and a great deal

of practice in order to win. Furthermore, it is exciting and seldom fails to draw a crowd, which encourages the players, for no game can live without support. The different classes have chosen their players for the coming tournament, and each class boasts of its own team. Energetic work is being done by these teams.

The Freshman and Sophomores played a match game March 5th. There was great excitement when the opposing teams took their places. The result was a score of 5 to 8 in favor of the Freshman.

The games that have already been played by the classes, while not showing the true strength of the teams, were of great value to the inexperienced girls, but as a general thing the teams are evenly matched.

In regard to tennis, the work of this club has been appreciated very much by the Athletic Association, because a great many of the girls are taking an interest in this game. In May we are to have a tennis tournament. Each class will be represented by two girls who will be appointed by a committee from the Association, to fill this important position. In conclusion, this organization desires the cultivation of healthful outdoor exercises by all its members. We are striving to get all of our members interested in some form of out-door exercise. A few of our students dread the "walking period" and we believe it is those students who do not care for out-door games. We are working out a plan now for reaching these girls, whereby they will look forward to this "walking period" with pleasure. The beneficial effects of athletics on women is readily seen. It is a case of the sound mind in the healthy body. In every way the modern girl is benefited by her devotion to out-door sports.

Our last plea is that you join the Association. We need you; you need us.

SELMA C. WEBB, President.

Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

The students, generally, have shown a greater interest in Y. W. C. A. work this year than they have for several years. The prayer meetings, as well as the prayer circles, are well attended. The devotional committee meetings have been especially well attended. There are thirteen members of this committee and ten is the average attendance at the daily meetings.

At the election of officers of the Y. W. C. A. for the year 1907-8, on March 3rd, the following were chosen: President, Rena Lassiter; Vice-President, Ethel Brown; Treasurer, Mary Williams, and Secretary, Bessie Ives. These officers do not take charge until the first of April but they are busy now, preparing for their work, appointing new committees, etc. At the inauguration of the officers, the first Sunday night in April, we hope to have with us the State Secretary of the Y. W. C. A., Miss Casler. One feature of our Y. W. C. A. that we would like to mention is the prayer circle before each service when the leader of the prayer service meets with the devotional committee. We have found that it works very successfully and would recommend it to those associations that do not have it.

Twelve Bible classes have been organized with about two hundred and twenty-five members. We have secured competent teachers for these classes, some being taught by members of the faculty and some by the girls themselves. The subjects studied are: The Life of Christ, Life of St. Paul, Acts, and Genesis.

On Thursday afternoon, February 21st, the students had the pleasure of hearing Rev. Melton Clark, pastor of the First Presbyterian church of this city. He preached an excellent sermon from the text, "Come Over Into Macedonia and Help Us." Mr. Clark has come to Greensboro recently but we like him and hope he may find time to preach for us often.

Besides the devotional services and Bible classes, which reach almost every girl in college, our Y. W. C. A. supports a young lady from Brazil who intends going back to her home as a missionary. The association also contributes to the International Board and to the expenses of Miss Casler. Outside of the usual contributions, it has, this year, bought new hymn books and helped to pay the rent of the Smith Memorial Building where the convention of the Young Woman's Christian Association of North and South Carolina was held.

WILLIE WHITE.

ALUMNAE AND FORMER STUDENTS.

GRACE GILL.

Mattie D. Williams is principal of the Vaughan public school.
Louise Dixon is at her home in Hickory.
Sadie Davis is teaching in the Salisbury graded school.
Irma Ellis is teaching at Cary.
Nora Lentz and Helen Banner are stenographers at High Point.

Clara Spicer is teaching at her home in Goldsboro.
Helen Hicks is teaching at Faison.
Hattie O'Berry is at her home in Dudley.
Sallie Hyman is teaching at Williamston.
Missie Sheppard is attending school at the Presbyterian College, Charlotte.

Nell Piper, Annie Belle Gattis and Susie Cox are substitute teachers in the Durham graded schools.

Kate Finley is teaching at Hickory.
Grace Tomlinson is teaching at her home in Wilson.
Douglas Hendrix is at school at the Presbyterian College, Charlotte.
Lillie Wall is teaching near Wadesboro.
Mabel Hanes is teaching at the Deaf and Dumb school, Morganton.
Claudia Long is a stenographer at High Point.
Marion Moring is teaching music at Fremont.
Margaret Horsfield is teaching in Wilmington.
Martha Laird Robinson is now Mrs. Naomi Forbis, Greensboro.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

RENA G. LASSITER.

If we seem severe in some of our criticisms, we would ask our exchanges to look, not at us, but at our ideals. To bring the college magazine up to the highest possible standard should be the aim of every one who works on the editorial staff of such a publication. Let us, then, help each other by pointing out what seems to us to be weakness as well as by applauding successes.

The Guilford Collegian is an attractive magazine, and shows the good taste of the managers. The poem on "Me and Andra" strikes a well known chord, and makes one feel that "a man's a man for a' that and a' that." There are several pieces of fiction, the most creditable of which is "The Lonely Cottage," and yet this is, in style and plot, very similar to many other stories in college magazines. Do college students write of lost loves and disappointments—and sometimes of hopes realized—because they are susceptible to cupid's shafts; or is it because such stories are easy to write? "The Tramp's Story" is written in an easy, pleasant style, but we wonder why the "cow hand," as he calls himself, became a tramp, and why he entered into such free conversation with a stranger. A little more attention might profitably be paid to the details of the story. "Geneva" is well written and instructive showing study and literary ability. The only other article of a serious nature, "Improvements in the Physical Department," seems to have been written by one of the editors, and since it is concerned with the affairs of the college, we think it might properly be placed in the editorial column.

In The Erskinian, a creditable publication that comes to us from South Carolina, we would criticise the quantity rather than the quality of the contributions. In reading "Uncle William and the College Boys" we are reminded that somewhere, and with a different setting, we have seen the same

plot. It is difficult, however, to write of the old-time darkey without using the "type" of the "ante-bellum negro." And young writers are naturally influenced by the writings of others. The debate on corporations is good, but to print debates always seems to indicate a lack of material. The Alumni Department is the most interesting that we have noticed.

We are glad to welcome the first issue of *The Acorn*, the publication of the Baptist University for Women. In general tone this magazine makes us think of a dainty, pretty girl, in frills, ruffles, and ribbons. It reflects the gayer side of girls' college life, and the effect is light and pleasing. We recognize the difficulty of managing simple, everyday topics with success, and are glad to find the little sketches, "A Quaint House Party" and "An Alarm Clock," pleasing treatments of their subjects. In "Virginia Dare" we cannot help wondering where the maiden got "blue skirts" and "soft white linen." If they were brought from England by her parents, would that she had left us her methods of making them "wear"! "Horace Mann and Common Schools" is an instructive article, which shows thought and skill. "The Niobeian Group" reveals artistic as well as literary ability. It is a careful study of this splendid work of art, and is well worth reading. The poems are worthy of commendation, and the editorial department is well managed.

The February number of the *Philomathean Monthly* is devoted to Abraham Lincoln. Perhaps we shall never fully realize how true a friend he was to the South. We are glad to see that our people are coming more and more to recognize his great qualities. The editorial department of this magazine is not particularly strong.

The *Converse Concept* is an interesting magazine and contains much wit and humor. The story, "Their Hero," is delightful in its freshness and originality, and is not "just like all the others." "Hearts and Flowers" is a good Valentine story. "A Tribute to Longfellow" and "The Part the West

Has Played in Literature" are worthy of special mention. To the author of the article on "The Man in the Moon" we would say that we have recently heard a great deal about the woman in the moon, indeed, some one claims to have seen two men and three women there. While the Concept is interesting it would be stronger if the general tone were more serious and less emphasis were placed on the light and humorous.

Besides our regular college exchanges we acknowledge the following periodicals: Charity and Children, Our Fatherless Ones, Daily Reflector, The Progressive Farmer, The Teachers' Record.



CURRENT EVENTS.

MARIAM NORWOOD BOYD.

The great earthquake, January 14th, nearly destroyed Kingston, the capital of the island of Jamaica, a city of about 50,000 population. The earthquake was followed by fire, which swept through a part of the business section of the city and along the water front. Many people were killed by the earthquake shock or buried in its ruins of falling buildings. Hundreds of English and American tourists were on the island, but most of them appear to have escaped injury. A most interesting incident connected with this calamity was the ungracious conduct of the insular governor towards the American naval officer who extended aid to the suffering people, and the prompt reprimand of the English Government to her official.

The United States Senate, January 10th, by a vote of 70 to 1, passed a bill which had already been passed by the House, providing that railway employees engaged in the handling of trains, shall not work more than sixteen consecutive hours, which period must be followed by ten hours off duty.

Because of the agitation against the Japanese on the Pacific coast, the Japanese government has abandoned its purpose to send its training squadron to San Francisco. The squadron will visit Honolulu, but will go no farther.

The Russian government has made arrangements to build two 21,000 ton war vessels. The ships will be built in Russia.

Last year about \$18,000,000 worth of wood was converted into pulp in the United States. Since most of it was used for cheap printing paper, reading the newspaper is really a sort of nature study.

Not a single railway passenger lost his life in Great Britain in 1901 through collision or a derailment. One hundred and ten passengers were killed in collisions and derailments in the

United States in the same period. In 1905 accidents of this class killed thirty-nine passengers in Great Britain and three hundred and forty-one in the United States.

Senor Pina Millet, a member of the staff of the foreign office in Madrid, has been elected to succeed Senor Cologan as Spanish minister to the United States.

On January 9th news came from Sicily that Mt. Etna was showing signs of unusual activity. The next day it was announced that Mauna Loa, in Hawaii, the largest active volcano in the world, was belching forth fire and smoke in such volumes, that it could be seen for a hundred miles at sea, and on the same day earthquakes were reported in Norway and Sweden and in Michigan and Pennsylvania.

During the year 1906 property in the United States to the value of more than half a billion dollars was destroyed by fire. Of course this enormous total, which is said never to have been equaled in any country, at any time, was due in large part to the San Francisco disaster.

Arrangements for opening the Jamestown exhibition on April 26th has progressed so far as the publication of the program of the opening exercises. Bishop Randolph, of Southern Virginia, will offer the opening prayer. Mr. H. St. George Tucker, president of the exposition, will make the opening speech and introduce President Roosevelt, who will make an address and then touch the electric button that will set the machinery in motion.

A Service Pension Bill has been passed by Congress, under which every honorably discharged veteran of the Civil War who served as much as three months is entitled to receive a pension of \$12.00 a month at the age of sixty-two, of \$15.00 at the age of seventy and of \$20.00 at the age of seventy-five. A provision giving survivors of the Mexican War a pension of \$20.00 a month was incorporated in the bill.

The details of the famine in China are distressing. It is estimated that 4,000,000 people are actually starving. The native officials are doing all they can to relieve the suffering.

Signor Giosue Carducci, the distinguished Italian poet, to whom the Nobel prize for the most noted work in literature was recently awarded, died February 15th in his 72d year. He was regarded as the foremost Italian poet of his day.

A new alloy called McAdamite metal has recently been put on the market, with the idea that it may largely take the place of brass in machine-making. Its base is aluminum, but its exact composition is kept secret. It resembles aluminum only in lightness and non-corrusiveness.

Mr. Rockefeller's gift of \$32,000,000 to the General Educational Board, added to the \$11,000,000 which he had already given, constitutes the largest single contribution of a philanthropic or educational work ever made by an individual and the largest sum of money ever administered by any educational society.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

PATTIE VAUGHN WHITE.

THE STORY OF THE BUSINESS MANAGER.

How dear to my heart is the cash of subscription,

When the generous subscriber presents it to view,

But of the one who won't pay I'll not give description

For perhaps, gentle reader, that one may be you.

—Exchange.

RECEIPT FOR "CURRENT EVENTS" DEPARTMENT.

Scan six newspapers, and then sift carefully into a mixing pan. Make a hole in the middle of the mixture, and sift into it the current event notes of several of your friends. Add six ounces of The Outlook, three gallons of Review of Reviews, and season with three spoonfuls of the Popular Science Monthly; mix well, add enough inventiveness to make a stiff dough. Roll into thin strips on the library table and then fasten in a note book for future reference.—Exchange.

RECEIPT FOR A FRESHMAN CLASS.

Take a large number of girls, soak them over study hour in a strong solution of Latin and Algebra. Season them well with reminders of their own inefficiency, and then dip each one into Art and Music crumbs, rolled fine, until they will take up no more. Place them in a hot science room, and roast them a delicate brown, turning them on all sides by sliding broad general questions under them. Serve them crisp and hot to the next teacher and so on. The result will be a briny tear salted product very pleasing to Sophomores.—Exchange.

A RECEIPT FOR A SENIOR ESSAY.

Take a number of ambitious literary resolutions made in the Junior year. Turn these so that the hot fires of genius may strike them on all sides. When the resolutions are burned to a crisp throw them in the ash barrel, they are only for the purpose of testing the oven. During the first months of the

Senior year keep the oven red hot with pine knots from the "Southern Poets," splinters from broken down "Ox-Carts," bulletins of "Peace Conferences," a few diplomas of the "College Woman," gentle reminders from the head of the English department and all questions, such as "What's your subject." A month before Senior week buy a large note book. Write three thousand thoughts in the note book and at the beginning of Senior week place this in the oven as additional fuel. Then allow the oven to cool. The last day of Senior week select a nice fresh subject, spread it carefully over the pages of essay paper and bake it in the cold oven; season with salt water and garnish with a blue ribbon. A sauce of red ink improves the flavor.

P. V. W.

OUR LATIN DEPARTMENT.

Senior H—Have you read the *Odyssey* and *idioey*?

Freshman—"Do please explain these nothing doing clauses."

The enthusiastic Latin teacher was talking entertainingly to her class about the eruption of Vesuvius and the destruction of Pompeii, when a little Freshman, thirsty for knowledge, said, "Oh, Miss M., was that what they called, 'The Fall of the Roman Empire?'"

There was an advertisement on the bulletin board a few days ago—"Lost, A Flat Key." Perhaps the loser was a member of one of the Freshman vocal music sections.

Father—Johnnie, what are you making all that racket for?

Johnnie, pertly—So I can play tennis.

Father—Then you will need a bawl, too. Young man bring me that trunk strap.—Exchange.

Little Dorothy was saying her prayers. "Dear Dod bless mamma and papa and bless Dottie too, 'cause every little bit helps."

"Do you hear me?" said the paper bag to the sugar. "I'm just wrapped up in you," replied the sugar. "You sweet thing," murmured the paper bag.—Ex.

Literary Friend to Mr. Newly Rich—How true it is “That the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt,” etc.

Mr. Newly Rich—Well just to tell the truth, I never could get much comfort out of the chattering of a flock of guineahens.

Mrs. Halfbaked, a new member of the village literary club, was enlarging upon her devotion to Ruskin when some one asked her which of his works she most enjoyed. After a moment's hesitation she replied: “I think I prefer the ‘Queen of Olives.’”

Girls, don't mistake that mahogany instrument upstairs—third floor right—for a sewing machine. *Verbum sat sapienti.*

Could I a maiden know
Who went upstairs to sew,
I'd catch her by her pig-tail curl
And send her downstairs with a whirl!
Quoth he, quoth he,
Just let my pianola be.

The State Normal Magazine.

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Managing Editor:
ANNIE G. RANDALL.

Business Manager:
T. GILBERT PEARSON.

Adelphian Society:
MARIAM BOYD, '07, Chief.
GRACE GILL.
NETTIE BROGDEN.

Cornelian Society:
VAUGHN WHITE, '07, Chief.
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RENA LASSITER.

NETTIE BROGDEN, Business Editor.

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No. 3.

Life of Robert Edward Lee by Henry E. Shepherd, M. A., LL.D., New York and Washington. The Neale Publishing Company, 1906.

The lover of books does not read one because of its localism, but now and then we find one which holds our interest, because of its local coloring, so absorbingly that we forget its intrinsic literary excellence in the delight of revisiting familiar spots; of renewing old memories and in living over the hope and gladness, even the despair and sorrow of other days. Dr. Shepherd's Life of Lee is such a book. One who enjoys the untrammled flow of choice English, however, need not know the South in the 60's in order to spend self-forgetting hours while this book is on the library table.

Undying loyalty to the South and its cause, intense love for Lee and for those who lived and suffered with him is the spirit

which speaks in every line. To the writer, the lapse of forty years has but brightened those memories. The coloring of the picture has grown richer with time. The music of those distant voices has gathered sweetness and volume with the echoes.

Every Southerner will be stirred to deepest reverence for Lee and for the South and the reader from any section will be aroused to admiration who reads this characterization of the "foremost of the great generals who have spoken the English tongue." He shows conditions of thought in 1860. He tells of the spirit with which his alma mater, the University of Virginia, was stirred and states that the same dominated every school from that one to the Gulf. "The very flower of our youth was imbued with the teaching which is the key to the position of the South logically and historically during the constitutional struggle for the maintenance of her own independence. We were able at least to render unto every one that asked us a reason for the faith that was in us." * * * "As in the sphere of perfect reason, doubt has no place, so in the contemplation of the typical Southern student of 1861, it did not exist." He emphasizes the truth that our Southern armies were composed largely of these students, the choicest flower, in this new land, of the old English stock. Of Lee's army, he says: "It was the goodliest fellowship whereof the world holds record." * * * So far as I am aware, there is no instance on record of abuse or insult inflicted upon a woman by a regularly enlisted soldier of the Army of Northern Virginia. * * * There were in the ranks of Lee's army without even a dream of preferment to nerve their energies or kindle their courage, men who had received the degrees of European centers of culture, who had studied at Bonn, Göttingen, Berlin, Edinburgh. * * * Every American institution from Harvard to the frontiers of the South was represented upon the rolls of this incomparable host. College professors mingled with college students at the mess and in the camp. * * * Universities, colleges, the old classical academies, all poured out their hosts of aspiring and eager students, lads of sixteen and youths who had barely attained to

legal age. * * * There was Sidney Lanier, upon whom death had already set his seal, then a lad of nineteen. There, too, was McCrady, of South Carolina, who passed into light almost simultaneously with the attainment of assured renown as the historian of his own State. There was Pettigrew, of North Carolina, who fell in the mere dawn of his rare and versatile power. * * * All the muses seemed to smile upon his cradle. * * * While being carried in an ambulance to the point at which he died, General Lee rode up and, with a gentleness worthy of womanhood, expressed his sympathy, inquired minutely as to his condition and leaned with characteristic tenderness over the form of the fast-fading Carolina hero." * * * "Among all its varied and diverse types it never revealed to the eyes of the world a rarer personality than that of my teacher and commander D. H. Hill. * * * The intensest fire of the Southern nature burned in the heart of D. H. Hill. * * * His absolute unconsciousness of danger was enough to thrill the ordinary brain with a sort of vertigo as it revealed itself in the most phenominal situations or supreme crises."

Of Col. Thomas S. Keenan, commander of the Forty-third North Carolina Regiment, in which Dr. Shepherd served, he speaks as "an accomplished gentleman and soldier associated with the purest and highest ideals of the old South." Of Gen. Junius Daniel, of North Carolina, as "a graduate of West Point and a capable and efficient officer." Of Gen. W. D. Pender he says: "His (Jackson's) last command addressed to that brilliant and accomplished soldier, Gen. W. D. Pender, of North Carolina, has always seemed to me like a special admonition, if not an unconscious prophecy designed for the people of the South, 'Gen. Pender, you must hold your ground; you must hold your ground.' Two months later Pender himself fell in the forefront of the battle at Gettysburg. It was of him that General Lee said: 'If Pender had remained in the saddle half an hour longer we should have carried the day.'"

Besides these, there is a long array of men who have proved themselves to be as great heroes of peace as of war. This

resume would be too long even to mention all and those are selected who are best known in our State. Among them is Robert Bingham, Randolph McKim, McCabe, Henry A. Wise, Bishop Jos. B. Cheshire—of whom an amusing but characteristic anecdote is told; Capt. Jos. J. Davis, who, while a prisoner at Johnson's Island, taught Blackstone to a law class of his fellow prisoners; Judge C. H. Simonton, who did the same work while a prisoner at Fort Delaware; our war governor Vance with a joke following according to nature; James W. Huske, of Fayetteville, whose last words were: 'Don't stop for me, go ahead,' to his comrades at Hatcher's Run.

The temptation is strong to quote Dr. Shepherd's story of the many who performed heroic deeds which if done in Napoleon's army would have won a marshal's baton, but in this little host they passed as but the natural course of events. General Lee's son, Robert Edward, served as a private and was not recognized by his father when they met upon the field of Sharpsburg, so covered was the boy with the grime and smoke of battle. But Lee was not tainted with nepotism. "Not one of his sons was upon his staff nor advanced in rank by his agency or suggestion." His soldiers fought for the cause, for the South. "Every man felt that he in a measure carried the cause of the South in his bayonet. * * * From sovereign chief to humblest rank and file, from 'Marse Robert' to the lowliest private, the sense of personal responsibility and individual manhood was all prevalent. * * * Lee, Jackson, D. H. Hill 'lived ever in the Great Taskmaster's eye'; life with them was a ceaseless consecration to the service of God. It was in a measure inevitable that their pure and devout conversation should mould and fashion the moral tone of the men they led." The love of Lee's soldiers for him was boundless. "The General had fallen asleep by the roadside (after Gettysburg) as the army unfortunate but unsubdued was passing by its adored chief. * * * The news spread like magic along the line that General Lee was asleep. At once all soldier boisterousness and uproar hushed into stillness and the troops moved on with 'measureless tread, like the step of the dead,'

while their commander was enjoying his grateful rest." The humblest private felt assured of Lee's sympathy and aid and there are incidents related in the book of their appeals to him in times of personal stress. Many of the jests, jokes and rollicksome escapade of Johnny Reb are related with a zest which charms the more because one hardly expects to find them on the pages of our great English scholar. No picture of our Southern defenders would be complete without this light, for as the writer says: "No army was ever more pervaded by a keener perception of the ludicrous or animated by a more intensive sense of humor. This characteristic they possessed in common with their chief, for Lee's appreciation of the ludicrous was quick and penetrating."

Along with the army, Dr. Shepherd reckons the women of the Confederacy as an element in the undying glory of the cause. "To the women of the Confederacy, whose faith has never faltered, whose zeal has never grown cold, even though men have proved recreant to the cause; whose heroism elicited the highest admiration of Lee, I dedicate this volume, in the hope that it may live with the memory of their glory and the eternity of his fame." Not only his own estimate shown in this touching tribute to them, but he presents Lee's expressions of admiration on many pages. He mentions the "significant and auspicious fact" that one of the first monuments in the South was erected by women, those of Warren county, N. C., to mark the grave of Annie Carter Lee, who died October 20, 1862, at the White Sulphur Springs in that county. In relating the impressive ceremonial of its unveiling, he says: "The best life of the South was represented there. The incomparable women of our land were the inspiration of the movement." As illustrating the spirit of the Southern women he quotes the invitation of the committee on the monument to General Lee: "Through the kindness and mercy of your heavenly Father, your gallant sons fought the good fight even to the end, and you were spared amid the shock of battle and its horrid carnage for four long years. Spared to us, a grateful people who feel linked to you in the closest ties of friendship

and the closest bonds of sympathy. We cannot honor you with too deep a reverence, nor love you with an affection too pure and fervent. You have a home in every heart, a welcome in every household and the whisper of your name echoes a thousand blessings upon you and yours."

The Ode written for the occasion by James Barron Hope, of Norfolk, Virginia, and which Dr. Shepherd calls a masterpiece, is inserted in full. Dr. Shepherd had ridden twenty-five miles across the country to pay due honor to the daughter of his chief. One of the most appealing incidents told in the book is the visit of General Lee with his daughter Agness to Annie's grave, which though far from the beds of her own is even to this day kept green by the descendants of those who nearly a half century ago laid her so tenderly there. The Southern women *have* kept the faith. When General Lee accomplished the long-cherished wish to stand beside his daughter's grave, the night of death was closing around him and he knew it. A few days later he stood at his father's grave in Georgia and then turned his face toward the hills about Lexington where six months afterward he "gathered the drapery of his couch about him" for the long-needed rest, for Lee died of a broken heart.

During this trip to the South on every mile of the way he was greeted with the applause, the glad welcome, the reverent love which are often yielded to conquerors but never before in so unlimited measure to the hero of a lost cause. When Lee entered a home, others said to its owner: "Your house is forever honored." Old St. Michael's in Charleston has an added glory since the day when "Lee sat in Washington's pew." Not only his own people but the world today says with President Roosevelt: "He (Lee) was without any exception the very greatest of all the great captains that the English-speaking peoples have brought forth—and that although the last and chief of all his antagonists may claim to stand as the full equal of Marlborough and Wellington." In summarizing Lee's achievements, the book says: "Lee's final struggle from Petersburg to Appomattox takes rank not merely as one of the fore-

most achievements of his own genius, but is conceded ~~as a~~ assured place among the most brilliant episodes in the records of modern warfare. Nine thousand starving men yielded the palm to 150,000 who had never known want, to whom gaunt hunger was a myth."

Of Lee as a husband, father, teacher, friend, citizen, Dr. Shepherd has not merely expressed his own opinion. He fills his pages with incidents from the full, rich life of our peerless chief. He shows his gentleness, simplicity, love, firmness, judgment, courage and fortitude. His last years were filled with service for his invalid wife. She had suffered long and once when he was at the front weighted with the care of a nation's fate, he learned that she needed lemons. He set out to find them and secured but one or two besides one old and dried, which he had in his knapsack and which also he sent, hoping it might be used. He was happy on the same occasion to find a few apples for her, this bride of his youth, the heiress of Arlington, and to whom Lee was ever a lover. When at home, he supervised his children's lessons, and when absent from them his letters were filled with words that make glad the heart of a child. There was no venom in his nature, no bitterness for his enemy, only love for his own cause. When in Pennsylvania, a young girl flaunted the Stars and Stripes in his face. He saluted the flag and rode on without a word. Is it a wonder that the Federal soldiers cheered him to the echo in the streets of Richmond when they saw his figure at a window?

As the President of a College he left no duty to others which belonged to his office. He was never absent from the morning religious service. To each student he was the personal friend as he had been to the boys in grey. He entered into their hopes and plans and not one dreaded to approach him except the evil doer.

His last service was as a vestryman when he presided at a meeting and gave the sum needed, \$100, on the Rector's salary. From that vestry room, he went to his bed never to arise to

mortal eye but very soon to ascend to the heaven of heavens in the fullness of peace and rest.

No girl or boy, no man or woman, can read this Life of Lee without being stimulated to live the higher life, physically, mentally, morally. No knight of the round table was more lofty, had he lived, than this real prince among men. No Arthurian legend can more quicken the moral sense nor hold the beauty-loving mind than the true story of this flawless man, Robert Edward Lee.

The mechanical make-up of the book is most attractive. As is fitting, the cloth binding is Confederate grey. The print is good and the paper of excellent quality. The illustrations from photographs are clean and clear. They show many members of the Lee family, their homes, and several of the great chief.

ANNIE GOODLOE RANDALL.



MADAME SEMBRICH.

The Sembrich Concert was an event in Greensboro's history since celebrities of her caliber do not usually visit "small cities." The town is indebted to Mr. Herman H. Hoexter, of our faculty, for the privilege of hearing her, one of the great singers of today. Yet more even than the citizens of Greensboro are our students to be congratulated upon her presence among them, for she made the college a charming little visit. Her keen personal interest in the girls, her wish to know all about them, their work, hopes, plans, was earnest and womanly, winning for her many young hearts as her superb voice and skill win the applause and adoration of all who hear her sing. Men and women who acknowledge that they know nothing of the highest order of music, say they were swept off their seats, out of themselves, in a transport when they heard her. One of our girls said: "I never can be happier and I wanted to die before I came back to earth."

She was received at the college by the entertainment committee and shown the buildings and grounds. The ringing of the big bell brought the students to the chapel. Mr. Foust welcomed our illustrious guest in a few words. She could not make a speech. "I no speak good English," she said but she did better. She went to the piano and to her own accompaniment, she sung in her native Polish, Chopin's "Maiden's Wishes" as only she can sing it.

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